

Samuel Sanders.

1878.

11/24

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Σ. K. Vasilakou

[Catalan] 11/24



*G. Constable*

239 CATALOGUE Raisonne of the PICTURES  
now exhibited in PAUL MALL, the three Parts in  
1 vol, 4to, half morocco neat, gill top edges, UN-  
CUT, EXTREMELY RARE, PRIVATELY PRINTED, and  
only a very few copies distributed, £1 4s 1816  
This bitter satire upon the Directors of the Institution  
has been considered one of the most unrivalled master-  
pieces of sarcastic raillery, irresistible Humour, and brilliant  
wit ever issued from the press, and its author, "the incen-  
diary," still remains in as much mystery as Junius himself.  
—Note in Puttick's Sale Catalogue, 1870, where two parts  
only SOLD FOR £2 8s.—I cannot find the THREE PARTS AS  
EVER BEFORE OCCURRING TOGETHER.





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## CATALOGUE RAISONÉE

OF THE

*Pictures now Exhibiting*

IN

PALL MALL.

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Est genus hominum, qui esse primos se omnium rerum volunt.  
 Nec sunt. Hos consector; hisce ego non paro me ut rideant,  
 Sed eis ultro adrideo, et eorum ingenia admiror simul.  
 Quidquid dicunt, laudo: id rursum si negant, laudo id quoque.  
 Negat quis? nego: ait? aio. Postremo, imperavi egomet mihi  
 Omnia assentari. Is quæstus nunc est multo uberrimus.

*P. Terentii Eunuchus, Actus II. Scena 2.*

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There is a sort of people in the world who set up for wits of the first rate, and yet have no more brains than maggots: now these are the men for my turn. If they say any thing, I cry it up; if they unsay it, I commend them for that too; what they deny, I deny; what they affirm, I affirm. In fine, I have brought myself to be of their mind in every thing; and by this means I get many a sweet bit, and many a sweet penny.—*Terence Eunuch. Act II. Sc. 2.*

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## THE PREFACE.



IN our Catalogue of last year, we pledged ourselves to be ready by the first week of the present Exhibition. Had not the most imperious necessity obliged us to leave town at the commencement of the arrangement of the works now brought before the Public, our promise would most probably have been literally fulfilled; but we now very sensibly perceive the folly of binding ourselves down to any particular time. Our friend the Incendiary, however, who is apparently the most implacably active rascal that breathes, wrote to us last Monday\*, to say that he should call for us on Saturday in his way to London. Saturday has arrived, and here then we are again. What gentlemen! No Preface to your Catalogue. What! not a single word in banter of the Antients! What, gentlemen! not a single sneer in favour of the Moderns!——not a solitary wit at the Would-be's!!!—well, well, you doubtless know best, and have some deep scheme, we dare say, in this silence; our fear however is, lest the Public, resting merely on the surface, should construe this unlooked-for omission, to your disadvantage. In one point

\* As this letter bears the "Ely" Post mark, we are able to form a pretty tolerable guess why we have not been pestered with his company sooner. We rejoice to say that we believe he has not the slightest notion of our suspicions on this point, and we therefore entertain the most sanguine hopes of very speedily bringing the villain to the gallows.

of view, said the Incendiary, it is much to be lamented the Directors have not indulged us with a little of their usual prosing. And what view is that? The *present* state of the question, cried he, as to the relative qualifications of the Artists, and the Connoisseurs to judge of the merits of art. Methinks, if your friends the Directors had really that anxiety for the promotion of the Moderns you would have us believe, they might, with advantage to the cause, have made some slight allusion to the examinations which have lately taken place before the Committee of the House of Commons, on the subject of the Elgin Marbles; some cursory notice might have been taken of the superior consideration—The higher character of remark on those admirable Works exhibited by the professional men, and the silly, paltry, contemptible, mean views and estimations, so shamelessly delivered by Mr. P<sup>ayne</sup> K<sup>night</sup>T. In that very profound effusion, continued he, prefixed to the Catalogue of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Works in 1813, the writer instructs the Public that even the bad and faded pictures may be turned to good account, by teaching the Collector what to avoid, and the Painter not to despair. How! How! Mr. Defender! could your under Preface writer so sharply and cunningly detect the advantage of selecting and pointing out bad and faded pictures, and not discover the much more beneficial effects which would result from holding up to derision bad Critics, and faded Connoisseurs. That very same notion, said we, and an apprehension that our good friends may be supposed to have taken alarm, are precisely our own reason for wishing they had on this occasion said a something or other. Let us not be too hasty however, in our conclusions, or quarrel with them without a little further insight into the matter; for the few words they have prefixed, by way of Advertisement, convey a great deal more than at first sight is generally supposed; we have some shrewd suspicion, upon a more minute investigation, we shall find this apparent “blow up” of Mr. P—— K——, is only one of the premeditated incidents in the great farce of these noble Directors, and that nothing but an effective time, place, and opportunity, is awaited by the remaining leaders to follow the laudable example of their generous and patriotic brother, to the confusion of the minor dunces whom they are so artfully leading on to the scoffing place.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*THOSE critics who are lovers of uniformity may deem our present Work comparatively defective, if, like the last, it has not a Dedication in its front ; but as we shall not indulge ourselves in any composition of this kind, after the brutal perversion of our former elaborate performance, we shall, in its place, insert a few observations on the statement sent about, (we have every reason to believe by the Incendiary himself), descriptive of the meeting held by the Directors in consequence of the publication of our former Catalogue. We trust, as all the copies we saw were manuscript, that the circulation of this tissue of his was not very extensive ; yet lest it should have poisoned the minds of any of our noble friends, we beg to say thus much in flat contradiction. First, that although a meeting such as is stated to have taken place, did actually take place, and that the members at the said meeting did stare at one another, and whisper to one another, and cry to one another—"What shall we do?" And although we admit further, that Mr. P—— K——, in a very pathetic and feeling address complained of the use to which his "Pig's tail" had been applied, and the violent twist which had been given to it ; still the speech put into the mouth of this learned analyst in this paper, is by no means correct to the letter : nor is it true that when at the conclusion he begged to know the general sense of the meeting relative to what he should do about this harassing point of his raw "Pig's tail," that Sir George Beaumont recommended him to*

*“ salt it ;” that the Parson said, “ smoke it ;” that Sir A. H<sup>umble</sup> cried, “ let me wear it ;” that Lord A. exclaimed, “ dress it and eat it ;” or that Mr. T. H. wished it should be “ bronzed :” not one of these assertions are a bit more true, we undertake to affirm, than is the following statement, that at the last suggestion, the noble Director, recovering his depression, folded his treasure in his bosom, marched home, laid it with the utmost tenderness in the pickle-tub, with the rest of his copper gods, and that it now takes precedence of most of them, and would reasonably pass even for one of the best of them, if it were not for a little turn which it has contracted at the end, and which gives it rather a disabled appearance.*

*At this instant the Incendiary broke in upon us. “ Come, come, (said he), do not sit scribbling here: from the glance I have had I am impatient to get you to the Institution; all your favourable feelings towards your friends will rush upon you with double force, when under the inspiring influence of that roof. As a matter of policy, then, leave your defence till you get there.”*

# A CATALOGUE

*For 1816.*

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INCENDIARY.—“ Well, here we are! Why must I leave my umbrella, Sir?” “ The raw green, Sir, the Directors think——” “ Oh! very well, if the Directors begin to think, there’s nothing to be said.—This is a very short Catalogue for a shilling, Sir!” “ Why, Sir, the Directors think——” “ Oh! if the Directors begin to think, there’s nothing to be said. But Mr. — — What’s your name, Mr. Catalogue-vender, do not imagine I’m at all out of humour about it; for to me —

The shorter the sweeter;

I swear by St. Peter.

Now then we mount.—Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.” “ Why, Mr. Defender, you seem to chuckle!” “ Truly, (said we), if the examination of this assemblage does but answer, in detail, our first impression, we shall have great reason to applaud the choice of our friends; but you seem to fix your eyes on the Cartoons as if you never intended to withdraw them.” “ Aye, (replied he), Poor Raphael! what would you have said if you had been told, that in the year 1816, an association of men totally incapable of appreciating thy merits were destined to disturb thy remains, to expose them at this Bazaar for the irreverend purpose of collecting shillings, and raking together, by lamp-light, an assemblage of fashionable rubbish, who respect these thy efforts no more than they would the scenes at a theatre.” Now pray observe the present throng. Who is there fixes



an eye of admiration on these sacred relics? Oh! I do see one. — Aye, *He* is an Artist! — Look at that mob of gazers to the right! — What is the object of their attention? They look, and buzz, and settle about the thing like so many flies. What is it they nose so?” Oh, said we, catching a glance — oh! most exquisite fools! — that is Sir Thomas Baring’s Carlo Dolce. But stay, do not let us forestal ourselves. Let us set to work regularly.

## No. 1.

*The Miraculous draught of Fishes. — Cartoon. — Raphael. —  
His Majesty.*

SOME very invidious people have assiduously endeavoured to set afloat a notion that our Catalogue of last year was in reality a satire on the Institution, under the mask of a defence; we hereby beg leave to remark that all such persons, we have good reason to believe, are secretly connected with the Incendiary. One nobleman indeed, taking the question for granted, went so far as to tell us to our faces (though he had no suspicion to whose faces he was telling it) that we had missed the very object of our labour, by not specifying the merits, as well as the defects, of the Pictures. Now, merely for the sake of argument, let us grant the assertion — That it was our intention to ridicule the institution; and by pointing out the faults of the Pictures, to deter their owners from publicly exposing their want of judgment, and folly, in priding themselves on the possession of such trash, as many of the most admired Works are; granting this point, we say, let us ask this noble Lord — Whether we have not succeeded in exciting some proper and modest doubts in his own breast? Where are the contributions of the Earl of Ashburnham this year!

As the above silly kind of accusation, however, may continue to be blurted out, we beg leave to announce that a new edition of our last year’s Work is preparing for the press, and will make its appearance with plates, now engraving in outline at Paris, as soon as such plates can be finished. Our cousin Peter, who taking up the above-mentioned ridiculous view of the subject, has formally set to work to shew in an appendix (and he really carries on the irony with a very grave face), that the whole is actually what these wise-acres assert — a satire; by this assumption he is able to apportion to each picture what merit it may possess, and as he understands the subject very well, considering he is only our second cousin,



we trust, therefore, that our labours, with this addition, will become more useful than ever, in the hand of the student, and those gentlemen who have such reason to lament the non-existence of that much to be regretted establishment at Chelsea, where tradition tells us they formerly cured every body afflicted with the simples, by the aid of a surgical operation. This being the case, we shall pass the Cartoons unnoticed, and proceed to No. 2. "Before you do so, pray tell me why the Directors, (said the Incendiary), pitched on this in preference to the Charge to Peter—The Death of Annanias—The Paul and Barnabas at Lystra?" "We know by whose direction this was done, (said we), but it is not worth while to enter into the discussion. Let us leave that to Peter."

## No. 2.

*St. Peter, from the Barberini Palace.—Guido.—The Rev. W. H. Carr.*

TO what extent Guido was attached to the opinions of Plato, we have not the means now of ascertaining; it is sufficiently plain, however, that at the period he painted this picture, he must have thought a cock without feathers a very tolerable definition of man. In as far, indeed, as regarded colour and surface, the similitude is quite perfect.

## No. 2.\*

*Carl J. G. H. H. H. H.*

*The Triumph of Galatea, a Fresco.—A. Carracci.—T. W. Coke, Esq.*

IF we thought it would be doing no injury to the cause in which the Directors are so earnestly engaged, viz. the encouragement of modern art, we would willingly dilate a little on the high character of this production: we would enter very minutely into its poetie conception, and the great and high gusts of its drawing and execution. As it is, we think it much more advisable to dismiss all our feelings as lovers of art, and look at it as moralists only: then it is that we cannot but admire the high refinement to which our connoisseurs have arrived; the innocent admiration *they* exhibit of nudities, from which the more gross and depraved populace are seen to turn away with shame and disgust. For ourselves, notwithstanding our constant struggle to conquer them, *we* are not without some remains

of these low feelings. It happened that our first visit to the gallery was in the society of several sisters, who are remarkable for this silly kind of delicacy: our eye caught the top of the picture before we saw the bottom, when, on making the point, what would we not have given for half an inch of rag. It has been kindly suggested to us, as the Prince is so graciously disposed towards the Institution, and is greatly desirous of adding to the respectability of his court, that on the least hint, the Directors could get Polyphemus installed a knight of the Garter, in which case he might in future wear the insignia below his knee; and the bashful would then be told that the whole of their shame arose out of the deductions of their own minds.

### No. 3.

*The Holy Family.—A. del Sarto.—Rev. W. H. Carr.*

THE head of the infant Christ in this picture is particularly humorous; it is not handsome certainly, but then it is full of that drunken expression of jollity and fun, so just and appropriate to our established notions, if not of a divine child, certainly of a young divine. We are in great distress, however, for poor little St. John. Mr. Carr can perhaps inform us whether his short arm was the effect of any accident, or of defective conception. A friend of very deep geneologic erudition, who is now engaged in tracing the family of Dr. Durlacher, our celebrated little bandy-legged corn-cutter, if Mr. Carr is not in possession of sufficient data already, may probably be of considerable assistance to him in ascertaining this point.

### No. 4.

*Landscape, with Moses and the Burning Bush.—Dominichino.—  
Viscount Anson.*

WHEN we recollect the singular nature of the subject, nothing but the grossest ignorance of scripture history could induce any one to conceive this picture to represent a bird-catcher about to take a phoenix nest.

## No. 5.

*St. Catharine, from the Allobrandini Palace.—Raphael.—Lord Northwick.*

LET those who complain of the want of finishing in modern works, observe the scarcely covered, and feebly executed marks of the chalk outline visible all over the flesh of this picture. “It is by neglecting to notice the merits of such pictures as this, (cried the Incendiary), that you call down the charge of partiality.” Well then, said we, take our acknowledgment for a sense of its deserving the name of Raphael in every thing which regards the highest qualities of art, expression, and grace. If any one assumes that it has a claim to attention on any other score, he may depend on it, something is the matter either with his eye, or his head.

## No. 6.

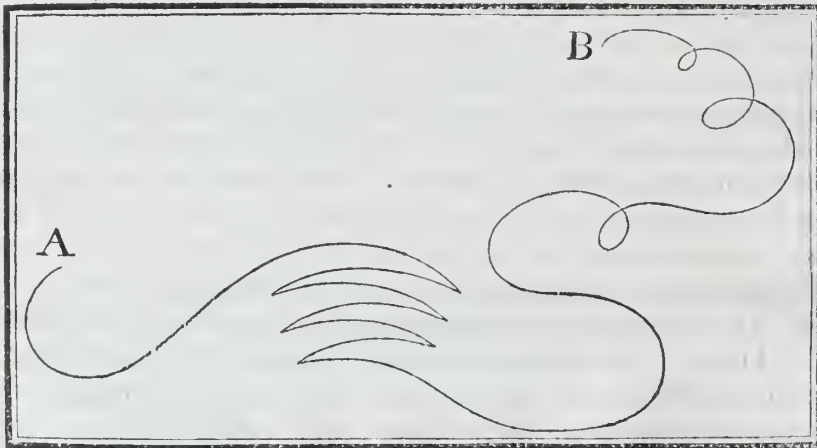
*Portrait of the Doge Cignani, &c.—G. Bassano.—Earl of Mulgrave.*

MY Lord Mulgrave, who is a great wag, has sent this picture to the Institution under the feigned name of the Doge Cignani, &c. with a view to hoax those enviable persons whose sagacity enables them to look grave upon the appearance of every joke; who always study wit as they do a mathematical problem, and never venture to smile till the demonstration is complete. These people we are happy to say, have all borne testimony to the successful effort of my Lord M. on the present occasion; not one having for a moment entertained the least suspicion, that the picture is in reality a ludicrous representation of the ceremony of the 5th of November. The Doge personifying nothing more nor less than the celebrated Guy Faux. “I thought this nobleman had himself been one of the would-be’s,” cried the Incendiary; Why, to tell you the truth, said we, he is certainly an arrant impostor in matters of taste, but we think it well to keep on good terms with him at present. His friendship we foresee may be of considerable assistance to us in our views upon the others. “I am told he is one of those profound critics, who, having nothing to express, shelters his inanity under what the Italians call *Mez-*

*no termini*, accompanied by shrugs and sawings of the hand." You have heard rightly, said we, and if you will promise not to blab, we will shew you a letter of instruction in this species of connoisseurship which has accidentally fallen into our possession, and which was drawn up for one of his particular friends—

MY DEAR A.

"As Demosthenes deemed action the all in all of antient oratory, so I think action the first and principal object of study, which should engage the attention of the modern connoisseur. Some, indeed, set to work in a different way, and endeavour to stock their minds with useful observations by an intercourse with professional men; but independent of the excessive labour and fatigue this mode presents, the interchange of ideas with such low people is exceedingly annoying, as you are obliged constantly to have your wits at work to keep up with them, particularly if you feel the least necessity to reply in *whole* words. Now this I never do, and I find my purpose answered quite as well as if I did; but then I supply the void with action, as thus—suppose the line A B to represent the surface of a picture, I first place myself at arm's length from it, and extending my right hand with the palm downwards to the point A, I describe the following figure—





ending at B, that is, carrying the action completely from one side of the picture right across to the other. For a full-grown gentleman of six feet one inch, the above diagram is on a scale of 3-tenths of an inch to a foot, so that any one, by the simple doctrine of progressive ratios will be enabled to find the exact extent of action which attaches to his particular height at any given distance from the picture. When the arms are long or short for the size of the man, ascertain the exact quantity of the excess or the deficiency, then find the square root and let it be divided by  $A + 5$ , and added to the whole height. Our friend the honourable C. L. — is of opinion that the cube root ought to be found and multiplied by the square of the distances between the length of the subject's nose, and the little finger of his left hand; but this is evidently founded on the mistaken hypothesis, that all noses bear a rational proportion to the whole man, which you know is quite contrary to truth and experience. With respect to the precise mathematical figure which the action describes, as it is extremely complex and wholly composed of transcendental curves in an infinite and insensible progression, and as it would require a very intimate acquaintance with the higher branches of geometry and algebra fully to understand, I shall dismiss the subject by observing that if pains be taken, regularly to practise for a few weeks on a set of conic sections drawn on a tolerable large scale, observing to pass strictly from one curve to another, according to the proportion the ordinates and abscissæ of the conjunctive curves bear arithmetically to each other, a tolerably correct action will doubtless be generated, if, like yourself, the person so practising be of a quick and apt genius. In every thing concerning the fine arts, much must of course depend on the natural talents of the practitioner. With regard to the time of action, Connoisseurs vary in opinion. There are those who maintain that it would not occupy more than five seconds and 2-eighths, or less than two seconds and 4-ninths; but others contend that it may be practised with equal success in a variety of times: on the whole, however, I think it had least effect when I exercised it on a certain picture exhibited in June 1814, and where I detected a modern artist at my elbow, whistling in his sleeve.

It will not be in my power to be with you on Tuesday as I proposed, but if you will have a set of conic sections ready on Wednesday, I will be with you about eleven and give you a lesson.

## No. 7.

*Holy Family with St. Francis by S. del Piombo. —  
Sir T. Baring, Bart.*

WHEN we look round the gallery at the various families announced to be of holy origin, and observe the impressive disregard which every individual evinces for those with whom he is enframed, we cannot but be forcibly reminded of those two celebrated worthies who so many years kept silence with each other in the Eddystone light-house. Whether it be the perfection of such divine assemblages to be free from all appearance of friendly intercourse and sensible occupation we know not; but by the invariable practice of the antients, we are obliged to believe so. We shall have opportunities of enforcing this observation as we proceed; to the present picture our remarks do not perhaps so strongly apply, for the St. Francis is doubtless endeavouring to obtain the notice of the infant Christ, who, perhaps when he has time, and is satisfied with looking at the Directors' friends, may deign to turn his head that way. We will not, however, positively swear to this result, since the muscles of which he is composed are of too rigid a nature, we think, to admit of the least degree of motion; the fingers of the Saint were certainly put on prematurely, and before the palm of his hand had attained its proper size.

## No. 8.

*Landscape. — G. Poussin. — G. Watson Taylor, Esq.*

THIS Taylor is a young collector and must mind what he is about. The picture before us is rather too little injured by cleaning, and by no means black enough to merit great admiration.



## No. 9.

*The Reposo.—A. Carracci.—Marquis of Stafford.*

THIS Reposo, which we presume the Marquis meant to be called Riposo, deserves particular attention from the spectator; instead of meriting the accusation contained in our last critique, it calls forth a portion of our best admiration for the painter's general capacity as a man, and his particular powers as an artist. Here the first point that strikes us, is that which would have struck us if we had been in Egypt, and had seen the parties themselves—namely the virgin stretching her legs, here is the first proof of the painter's mind; pray spectator look at the length to which the painter has enabled her to stretch them, and marvel at his abilities as an artist. Next observe Joseph, see how naturally he is made to act the part of Sir Clement Cotterell to the jack-ass, [and introduce him to a puddle. Further notice in the action of this animal, how admirably the mind of the spectator is directed, at one and the same moment, to natural history and the classics. Nothing shews the skill of the painter more than his ability to excite, by association, pleasing recollections; Joseph, it will be seen, wishes the ass to drink, but the ass every body knows, is an obstinate animal, Carracci has therefore very judiciously made him exhibit a determination not to comply. Now who can witness this trait of nature and not instantly recollect that beautiful effusion—

A man may drive  
 An ass alive  
 Unto a living well,  
 But for to drink  
 As some may think,  
 No man can him compel.

## No. 10.

*The marriage at Cana. — Murillo. — G. Hibbert, Esq.*

TO those who entertain an idea that painting is\* “a frivolous, and at best a mere elegant amusement,” we recommend the consideration of this work, from which if they are able to appreciate merit duly, they will receive full as much instruction as delight. No one, we will venture to assert, ever knew before, that it was a Mahometan marriage to which our Saviour was invited at Cana.

## No. 11.

*Bacchus and Ariadne. — Titian. — Thomas Hamlet, Esq.*

WE feel perfectly satisfied that the moderns will derive benefit in every way from the introduction of this picture to the world; its exquisite beauties are far removed from public conception; while its nonsense and its defects are too gross not to be immediately obvious. “I will tell you what, (said the Incendiary), you will excite a conviction by the delivery of such criticism, that you are a most barbarous Goth.” Those who are interested will no doubt endeavour to make it appear so, said we, but we are willing to let our conduct be judged by our intention; and as long as we evince that we are accompanied in the performance of our task, by knowledge and integrity, we have no doubt of the result being honourable to our exertions.

\* Vide. Mr. P — K — t's letter.

## No. 12.

*The Angel appearing to Hagar in the Desert.*—F. Mola.—  
Sir A. Hume, Bart.

WE know a fac simile of this Hagar in the Desert and every one who is acquainted with it too, we can assure Sir A. Hume, knows which is which.

## No. 13.

*The Presentation in the Temple.*—G. Bassano.—  
The Marquis of Stafford.

THE Directors have very properly given notice in the advertisement prefixed to their Catalogue, that they are not answerable this year, collectively, but only individually, for the ignorance or falsehood which it may display. This step was extremely necessary, as we shall have frequent occasion to shew, both in as much as regards the misconception of the subject, as well as attributing the execution of the pictures to painters who never saw them. Here, for instance, is what the owner is pleased to call the "Presentation in the Temple," when it is evident by the broken egg, that it was intended to exhibit the birth of Castor and Pollux.

## No. 14.

*Portrait of Lorenzo de Medicis.*—S. del Piombo.—  
Earl of Aberdeen.

IF Lorenzo de Medicis was like this, it is matter of great wonder to us, how S. del Piombo was ever able to see him sufficiently well to be able to paint him. We really think (had he lived in these days) he would have been classed immediately after the *Invisible Girl*. "There is great grandeur of air (said the Incendiary) in the look and action." "So we heard remarked more than once, (said we), but it

has generally been by persons who, from our own knowledge we have good reason to suppose, never saw a full grown bug-a-boo."

"The nobleman who owns this picture, (said the Incendiary), was treated rather severely by you last year." Not a bit more harshly than he deserved, (said we), and if he flatters himself that his totally spoiled picture by Vandyke has derived any consequence from being detained by the managing Directors for the use of the students, he little knows the true estimation in which he ought to hold their compliments.

### No. 15.

*Landscape, with the flight into Egypt.—A. Carracci.—  
Earl of Suffolk.*

OH! most worthy and most renowned—most noble and most well-informed Directors! how low, how very low, do we bow to you for the selection of such a thing as this!

WE wish to know of the Earl of Suffolk, if he does not agree with us, that the cherub and palm which divide the picture so gracefully in two, are not precisely after the manner of the sign-painter's old receipt for a King Charles in the Oak. Entertaining a just contempt for this silly piece of puerility, we cannot but imagine it's owner may very possibly be of the class upon whom it is by no means difficult for himself or others to impose; this being the case we would advise him to look in his dictionary; he will there find besides the word "palm" a substantive, the word "palm" a verb; let him conjugate the latter through all its tenses and derive that knowledge which the possession of such a picture shews he lacks most egregiously.

### No. 16.

*Landscape, with Tobit and the Angel.—Dominichino.—  
Viscount Anson.*

THIS is a companion to the Burning Bush, and for what it is worth, we hope it will catch fire itself, as soon as the other deservedly begins to burn.

## No. 17.

*Portrait of Cardinal Bibbiena.—Raphael.—**R. P. Knight, Esq.*

THIS is a very pretty thing! pray what is to be done to the owner of this pretty thing? “When it is known to all the world, (replied we), how exceedingly anxious Mr. P. Knight is at this particular moment to impress upon the mind of the public the “frivolity” of every pursuit relative to the fine arts, can you feel any wonder at seeing such a contribution from him to the exhibition of the British Gallery? and is it actually his wish to establish such an hypothesis? How can any one doubt it?” The Incendiary looked at us very inquisitively and at last exclaimed—“There is something in this I do not understand, I cannot help fancying I see a smile lurking under that grave face. “Come, now, answer me truly, are there not peculiar circumstances—selfish motives, at the présent instant, to induce Mr. Knight apparently to undervalue every branch of this kind of knowledge—Has he not made one mistake in his estimate? Is it not in his own views of the fine arts that he has discovered this “frivolity” to exist, and not in the more generous and enlarged pursuit of the fine arts themselves?” It plainly requires, we returned with warmth, a great deal more brains than you possess, to understand Mr. Knight’s game—Shall we never be able to beat into you the governing principle of the Directors, that, to induce a proper attention to modern art, the first and leading object must be the overthrow of presumption and connoisseurship? Take this recollection with you—And what is there in any of the acts of this person or his colleagues, which will not be perfectly intelligible; aye and not only intelligible, but meriting our highest esteem and admiration for the extraordinary, generous, and noble self-sacrifice, which they invariably exhibit? But more to the point by and by. Let us now look at the picture—

The creature this piece of portrait planning represents, is a certain well known cardinal of the name of Bibbiena who performed very successfully the office of Jackal to Leo the tenth in his elevation to the popedom. Leo, sensible of the obligation, very gratefully in return for the service had his friend poisoned, lest he should succeed to the chair in the event of his death.

It would have answered more fully the wishes of the spectator if there had like-



wise been a side section, and still better if, like a red herring, the painter had split his subject so as to shew its internal, as well as external construction. The out-houses—self cultivated walking sticks—library, the naked gentleman we take for a St. Jerome, and freehold premises against which this animal sticks as close as wax, very indecently (according to our sense of propriety) take upon themselves to act the part of principals, and throw this singular and wretched object into that obscurity which the insignificance of its nature ill befits it to bear.

### No. 18.

*The Virgin and Child.*—Julio Romano.—Sir T. Baring, Bart.

TO those who object to the colour of the Virgin's face in this attractive work, (and we are told there are many such), we beg to observe that it probably represents the lady on her way to Egypt after a long day's journey; some have taken a different view of the painter's object, and insist that it was his intention to represent the heat and fatigue arising from nursing so full grown a baby. We will not be too tenacious of our own opinion. It may be as they say.

### No. 19.

*The Triumph of David.*—N. Poussin.—Dulwich College.

THIS being in the class of pictures the Directors of the Institution are so desirous the artists should emulate, it is very properly placed in a corner.

### No. 20.

*Christ in the Garden.*—Albano.—John Knight, Esq.

A MOMENT'S attention will render it obvious to every spectator, that in this performance our Saviour has gone into the Garden without his breeches. Albano, who well knew how to take advantage of any little accidental point to give force



and interest to his composition, has seized with avidity on this incident; the complete consciousness of being found under such embarrassing circumstances, could not be more forcibly depicted than in the action of this Christ; and the unity of sentiment which pervades the whole picture (taking this as the leading idea) is wonderful. Let no one imagine by such remarks, that it is our intention to turn sacred things themselves into ridicule. There is a great difference between laughing at religion, and laughing at those who profane it by imbecillity and folly.

## No. 21.

*The Flower Girl.*—Murillo.—Dulwich College.

“HOW far is the public taste likely to be directed to the great and leading object of history by the production of such works as this?” cried the Incendiary.

## No. 22.

*The Shepherds' offering.*—P. Veronese.—Earl of Aberdeen.

“AND pray, (continued he), if we exclude colour, is there any thing but the most absurd nonsense in this Pasticcio.”

## No. 23.

*Landscape, with Diana and Nymphs.*—Dominichino.—G. Byng, Esq.

“WELL, well, (cried we), what do you think of this wonderful *effort* of Dominichino!” “I will tell you (cried he), this geographical landscape, patched over with nymphs and totally devoid of all skill, feeling, or taste, I would have placed in the same frame with No. 15, taking especial care that the faces of the two pictures should be turned towards each other.” “That is precisely what it merits, (said we), but let us at any rate, thank the proprietor for sending it here, such absurdities cannot fail to open the eyes of the public to a right sense of art.”

## No. 24.

*Portrait of Maria Raffalino — Parmigiano. —*

*R. P. Knight, Esq.*

AND really, now, has Mr. Knight the temerity to bring forward this miserable daub of Parmigiano as an example in art! — “Do you imagine, (exclaimed we), that he has any real esteem for this Belle Sauvage.” “I fear that he has, (said the Incendiary); and fearing so, we cannot but write him down incorrigible;” we really should have thought the gentleman had sufficiently exposed his arrogance and ignorance of late, and that the correction he had received would have put a check to that desire of appearing in his cap and bells any longer, but as the late Lord Chatham observed, ‘there are some who grow old in folly in spite of experience;’ and of this description we fear Mr. Knight is a very stubborn example.

“Now you speak of Mr. Knight’s cap and bells, (said the Incendiary), do you mean at all to enter on the question of his late defence?” — His defence! you mean, said we, his defence of Mr. *Bonelli*. — “Aye, Aye, (cried he), you knew well enough what I meant, do you intend to favour us with any thing on that topic? I have been anxiously waiting from the moment I joined you at ———, but I do not perceive that you are in the least desirous to begin.” To tell you the truth, replied we, the time which such a discussion must necessarily occupy, fills us with dread; besides we are apprehensive, if we expose too openly the self sacrifice of the Directors, we shall have the would-be connoisseurs take alarm and fly off before we are able to give them their final fall. “As there is not much fear, (cried he) of their possessing foresight sufficient to induce them to do this, and you evidently have resolved to keep your lips closed on this point, I shall just relate to you a conversation I had with one of Mr. Knight’s friends. I am aware like yourself that it may divert our attention a little from the main object; but we need not go through the whole relation at one time, we can drop it when we are tired and resume it again when any lack of matter occurs among the objects of our criticism;” Perceiving this proposal was only made by way of exordium, and that it would answer no purpose to object, we were obliged to submit. “It happened lucky enough, (resumed he) that when I went to secure my place in the mail to come to you, who should I meet but Sir T. B. just arrived from town! Now as things

were all in a good train here, I thought this a most favourable opportunity to ascertain the impression made by Mr. Knight's reply. That I might not appear over impatient however, I said, pray when did you see lady B——? and how is the old dowager? —Has Sir William completed his repairs? —Did you come by the way of —— or ——? —How did lady P——'s ball go off? —and pray do you know if Mrs. Popgun's pug has pupped yet? Then putting on a sudden air of recollection I said, by the bye now I happen to think of it, tell me——Mr. Knight has published a defence in answer to the Quarterly Review?" —"He has published a defence of Mr. Bonelli" (said he.) —O! of Mr. Bonelli; well and how is it? "I suppose, said I, he gives them a pretty dressing." —"I think I never read such an answer (said he) in the whole history of controversy." —"I wish you would be so kind as give me some notion of what it is like." —"Nothing will give me greater pleasure, and that you may have as complete an idea as I can give you, I will endeavour, as strictly as possible, to follow the arrangement of the letter itself."

"In the first place you know, (continued he) the Reviewer accused Mr. Knight of having substituted δὲ for μέν γάρ, making part of a sentence appear a complete sentence in itself, for the purpose of concealing that, in Plutarch, this extract was but one member of a longer sentence, all the members of which bore a relation to each other." —"I understand you, (said I) and it was really the fact, was it not?" —"yes, (said he) and he acknowledges it." —"Acknowledges it!" (said I). —"Aye, but then he does not do it without calling the Reviewers, Hoogoveens; and not only Hoogoveens, but *Heaven-born* Hoogoveens; and accenses them of not knowing that a Greek initial and a consecutive connective, are like two first cousins, reciprocally cousins to each other, and if considered as cousins abstractedly, one quite as good in point of cousinship as the other. After which he insists that however he may have altered Plutarch's words, he has not altered his sense in the slightest degree." —"And has he not done so?" said I. —"Why this is a very deep point indeed, for only mark! This word *sense* you may either take as applying only to the part of the sentence extracted—when Mr. Knight's assertion is perfectly true; or you may take it as applying to the whole sentence as it stands in Plutarch, and then it is positively false. That is, if by the *sense* of a point, we are to understand the impression it conveys, the meaning it bears, and the sense it derives from its conjunction with the other members of the sentence of which it forms only a part; now mind how well this, therefore, serves his purpose. The public, says Mr. Knight to himself, will not be able to distinguish, and I shall to

them appear to have denied the accusation in toto, while if I am detected, it is only saying I intended the assertion merely to apply to the isolated passage I gave.” — “This is excellently done, (said I), but what is it he has found out about Croto?” — “Oh! a great deal, (said he), first of all he tells us that Croto lived before the time of Phidias. Then that he made a Hereules of which we now know nothing, except that it was copied on the coins of Crotona. But although we know nothing more, this is quite sufficient for Mr. Knight. For this Hercules on the coins being in the same action as the Theseus, and these coins being in existence before the time and after the time of Phidias, it is as plain as a pike-staff, the Theseus cannot be by Phidias.” — Good! (said I), a caviller might perhaps find some objections to this kind of reasoning, but never mind; what follows? — “Why, Mr. Knight having given us, as we told you, to understand, that Croto lived before the age of Phidias, next informs us that he perished before the reign of Hadrian; and as he perished before Hadrian, there can be no doubt that his statue of Hercules was at Rome.” — “What! (said I) How! What! does Mr. Knight mean to say that all the statues of the great sculptors who perished before the time of Hadrian were doubtless at Rome?” — “Oh no, (said he) Mr. Knight does not mean to say *all*, he only requests you to believe this particular one was there; at *present* he does not wish us to allow more than this.” — “And is this allowed?” — “That I do not know (said he), but let us go on; now Croto’s Hercules being at Rome (without doubt) Hadrian, most probably, would have it copied; and as Hadrian would most probably have Croto’s Hercules copied, the Theseus is probably the very copy that Hadrian had made.” — “Really (said I), and does he mean without doubt?” — “I cannot answer exactly (said he), but I should think he did, for he adds moreover, that Wheeler asserts this statue to have represented Hadrian, and you know from the Committee’s Report, he holds Wheeler’s evidence to be very loose?” — “So, (said I to myself), here is another new theory built upon the basis of one *doubtless* assertion hashed up with two assumed probabilities. Well! it will serve for a time however.” — He went on, “You have seen the Review, you say,” — “Yes, I have.” — “You recollect the Reviewer begs the reader particularly to observe that nothing could be more absurd than to suppose all the sculptures of the Parthenon, to be the work of Phidias.” — “He does so.” — “Well! now then mark Mr. Knight’s reply.” — “As for believing (says he) this mass of architectural \* sculpture to be the work of Phidias, it is a sort of belief which defies all argument.” — “That is admirable (cried I), after such a declaration from the

\* Mark the judicious choice of his words.



Reviewer, he could not do less than treat him with such an answer."—Another point with the Reviewer is to ascertain how the sublimity of the Ajax would have been felt, if only a single brow had remained; and why this property of indicating their original excellence is denied by Mr. Knight to the Elgin marbles. In explanation of this apparent inconsistency, he retorts triumphantly—"Why, the Ajax has both brows and features."—"That, (said I), is a very unexpected answer, the Reviewer never will recover this."—"No, (said he), it is impossible."—Then the remains from the Parthenon consist, you recollect, of groups of whole figures and extensive compositions; Mr. Knight therefore judiciously institutes a comparison between them and this bust of Ajax, and as it only wants the nose, the chin, and the upper lip, he of course gives it the preference. He then attacks the Reviewer on his temerity with regard to the Beetle and Soros. Mr. Knight had asserted they were worth £800; the Reviewer said they were worth nothing.—"If so, (says Mr. Knight), why did lord Elgin bring them to England?" This is an answer that would naturally suggest itself to any other person, but observe what follows: the Reviewer in proof of these things being worth notice, asserts that lord Elgin has made no charge for them; "Why then, (retorts Mr. Knight), *does he expect the public to pay for them?*" "That is amazingly bold," said I. "Yes! Yes! (said he), no man but a metaphysician as deep as Mr. Knight, would have thought of accusing another with *expecting* that of which he had no *expectation*."—"I agree with you (cried I), but is there not something further concerning the use of the word ΕΙΠΑΣΕΤΟ?"—"Yes, but I am not sure I rightly understand the merits of the case; if it is a wilful misrepresentation, the Reviewer deserves all the opprobrium Mr. Knight heaps upon him. It is possible, however, he may have taken a wrong view of the point as I myself did."—"Now pray what was the view you took?"—"Why, I understood Mr. Knight to have been asked, if he knew of any instance in which ΕΙΠΑΣΕΤΟ had been used to express the share a sculptor might have had in a work;" to which he replied, "No;" adding afterwards, what I really thought had nothing to do with the question, a reason why the *artist himself* would not inscribe it on his own works\*.

\* It is evidently not the intention of our author to assert that this is the actual state of the question; he merely means to argue that such a conclusion may be drawn from the particular view of the subject here stated. After all, this is only a point between Mr. Knight and the Reviewer. It is of little consequence to the world, whether the former did intend to mislead or whether he did not, but it is a matter of great moment to see how far Mr. Knight is in possession of that judgment and taste, which assumes the right to dictate. It is a matter of serious national importance to ascertain, whether those who have been elected to preside over the works

"But, (said the Incendiary), I perceive you begin to get a little fidgetty, so let us now for awhile go on with the Catalogue, we can take up Mr. Knight's case again by and by."

## No. 25.

*The Holy Family.—A. del Sarto.—A. Champernowne, Esq.*

"I ACTUALLY think, (resumed the Incendiary), if we were to take all the Andrea del Sartos in the Gallery, as Mr Knight took the Phigulian Marbles, 'foot by foot,' they would not be worth twopence the rod." Now, the only thing worthy of particular notice in this picture, is the back ground, where the painter has ingeniously shewn the smallest possible quantity of cloud required to carry an angel and his fiddle; or, properly speaking, a fiddling angel. In Mr. Lee Hunt's "Masque of Liberty," there is a passage which will perhaps greatly elucidate this curious point, and instruct the reader, that these clouds, built for the accommodation of all descriptions of heavenly sky-scrapers, are possibly like our English stage-coaches, restricted by act of parliament not to exceed a specific number. The lines we allude to are these, where one spirit is made to address another thus—

If *your* cloud holds two,  
I'll come up and ride with you.

## No. 26.

*The Virgin and Child.—L. da Vinci.—A. Barving, Esq.*

AS in the case of Rembrandt's picture of "The Wise Men's Offering" last year, we thought it hazardous to the cause of religion to suffer Dutch beggars and their dirty brats to act the parts of Josephs, Virgins, Kings, and Wise Men; so we deem

which are to commemorate the achievements of our country, are qualified for the judgment seats which they have assumed; or whether they are quacks without knowledge, who seek shelter in the fastnesses of pedantry, and hide their blunders and their real ignorance, under the refuse of learning.



it equally scandalous to bring abortions from these bottles, to act as prototypes of little St. Johns, and infant Christs. Behold, O! ye Connoisseurs.—Behold, O! ye Artists.—Behold, O! ye Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general—what A. Baring, Esq. has brought as a representation of—The Virgin and Child with Angels—what he has been pleased to exhibit for the benefit of Modern Art! Was there ever such a disgraceful libel seen before? Is there any living painter so lost to decency, as not to turn with horror from his easel, if by accident his hand had produced such a caricature of the founder of his religion! “I quite agree with you, (said the Incendiary), such deformities as are here brought before our eyes, can only tend to excite sickening and unfavourable impressions of those whose images ought to be present to us only in the purity of ideal abstraction.” “Dismissing this serious view of the subject, (said we), if you observe, there is a most amazingly refined idea in this picture. The infant is evidently quite fast, yet, sensible of the divine music, the painter has most humorously made him dancing in his sleep.

## No. 27.

*Landscape, with Tobit and the Angel—S. Rosa.—B. West, Esq.*

BETTER than most of this master's works, and possibly not losing much from being seen under its cloud of dirt.

## No. 28.

*Landscape, with Procession and Sacrifice—Claude.—P. J. Miles Esq.*

C. Vanderbilt  
New York

THIS Claude has very lately undergone a thorough repair, and is now presented to the public with numerous additions and alterations. All those who, like ourselves, remember this picture in the palace for which it was painted, must coincide with us in opinion, that it may now, without scruple, be shewn as the most mortifying specimen “*extant*,” of the bungling botchery of modern picture cleaning. It has been most infamously rubbed out, and wretchedly grimed over, to hide from the ignorant, the injuries it has undergone. As it now scarcely presents

any thing to the learned and unprejudiced eye worth notice, we will suggest to its nominal proprietor, that considerable advantage may result, and perhaps promote a *real* sale of this landscape, if he can get a Dutch toymen to insert whistles in the cows' tails.

## No. 29.

*Europa.—Titian.—Earl of Darnley.*

WHEN a lady is permitted to exhibit herself in this pickle, it would be but decent to insist on her putting on clean linen. Of all the disgusting drabs we ever saw, this bears away the bell. She is, however, very well matched in the bull. What Jupiter could see in such a mawks, or what the mawks could see in such a Jupiter, we are at a loss to comprehend.

## No. 30.

*The Virgin and Child and St. John.—Raphael.—Sir T. Baring, Bart.*

“EXQUISITE!” cried the Incendiary. “Yet, (said we) you cannot but acknowledge that the Virgin has an eye as well as the St. John, which would disgrace in point of drawing, a school boy.” “I have no hesitation (replied he) in granting it, but you would never cavil at such pictures if you had not an object to answer. The complaint which artists make is not so much against the exhibition of truly great works, although it has been expressly deemed judicious by the Directors of the Institution themselves, to promote a comparison of such, with the annual exhibition of the British Metropolis\*. It is not, we repeat, to the public obtrusion of *great* Works that the artists so much object, but to the exhibition of trash and absurdity which can only serve to pollute the public taste under the sanction of venerable names. In the finest pictures of the old masters there are gross defects and constant failures (as in the points alluded to in this otherwise almost perfect performance). Nay, if we except Raphael generally, and a few examples to be found very thinly scattered amongst the compositions of the other painters, we shall perceive that they seldom troubled themselves to think or to address their

\* Vide the Preface to the Institution Catalogue of 1811.

Works to any other sense than the eye. On such occasions as the present, the public must not imagine then that the artists are busily employed to point out the defects of the best things from any ignoble feeling of malignity, or from any envious sense of delight at the errors and faults of their superiors. No! finding their exertions annually forced into this unfair and ungenerous competition, where prejudice, high sounding names, and the self-love—self-importance, and self-interest of the owners of the several Works are mustered in public array against them; self-preservation compels them in return, to shew that the greatest, even of the antients, are not without defects which reduce them to a level with the moderns; nor the moderns destitute of merits which entitle them, on some points, and points of first importance—to take the lead.

## No. 31.

*Christ disputing with the Doctors.—L. da Vinci.—Lord Northwick.*

WHERE a man disputes with another, he generally directs his conversation to the person from whom he differs. Here it will be seen that Christ does no such thing. Now to account for this.—Who were the doctors, we ask, with whom Christ disputed? were they not a set of asses? were they worthy of Christs' attention? No! could such persons be treated with too much contempt? Assuredly not. Can you treat a person with more contempt than by turning your back on him when you give him the answer his folly deserves? Why then Leonardo has surpassed our utmost wishes, for he has not only done this in the person of Christ himself, but has nobly achieved it in every one of the doctors, who are all displaying the same contempt for each other, which Christ is so judiciously made to shew for them all. "I suppose (said the Incendiary) the dispute was of an arithmetical nature, by the action of Christ's fingers.—One and one make *three*. Is he not saying this my Lord Northwick.

## No. 32.

*The Virgin and Infant Saviour.—Raphael.—Earl Cowper.*

AN early picture of this Master, probably by the execution painted at ten years old. "Let me beg you will not go on in that way, (cried the Incendiary), you will get no credit when you speak the truth." "Well then (said we), take our evidence for its being in point of feeling and expression, a great deal better than we wish. We shall however vnot give up our previous assertion in as much as regards it's feeble execution."

## No. 33.

*Ecce Homo.—Guido.—Sir T. Baring, Bart.*

IF this was the state of Christ previous to his crucifixion, the Jews might have spared themselves all trouble. According to one of the most learned medical opinions of the day, he could not have more than a pint of blood in him.

## No. 34.

*The Virgin and Child and St. John.—Raphael.—His Excellency E. Bourke.*

THIS is not like No. 32, an ealry picture of the Master, but no picture of his at all, notwithstanding the implicit faith of several Directors.



## No. 35.

*Landscape, Storm, with Dido and Æneus.—G. Poussin.—**Rev. W. H. Carr.*

IT is credibly reported that a large reward is about to be offered for the discovery of the above mentioned antient personages. Whether this be true or not, we think it a fortunate thing for the fine arts when the ignorant are called upon to admire that which they cannot see. This may possibly be a landscape, and there may perhaps, be such people in it as the Catalogue states. We feel as gentlemen, bound to take Mr. Holwell Carr's sacred word for it that there are, but for our part we are afraid the ground of the canvas, according to the usual tendency of Italian pictures, and by the further assistance of repeated rubbing, has obtruded itself to the surface in such an overpowering proportion, that no one will be able to discover any thing to the advantage of G. Poussin, but the most egregious connoisseur, or think this specimen of "Gross Darkness" a bit better than a black board. The Incendiary told us here it was whispered about on the best authority that the firm of Day and Martin being in great lack of materials to supply the present scarcity of ivory black, had entered into treaty with the owner of this Work. On enquiry however, we believe that this is not really the case, since we find that there is no such deficiency in the raw material above mentioned, and we think it would hardly answer Mr. Holwell Carr's purpose to part with it in such a direction\*

## No. 36.

*Portrait of Countess de Mattei.—A. del Sarto.—Earl Grosvenor:*

THIS is called the Countess of Mattei. We know not what interest the world at large may have in this countess's representation: for ourselves, we should not miss her if she were to take herself off this instant.

\* He might (to be sure) be induced to sell it to Day, but we are persuaded that nothing but a very large sum would tempt him to dispose of it to Martin.



## No. 37.

*Landscape, with Mercury and Battus.—S. Rosa.—Lady Lucas.*

IF this impudent piece of bravura painting is to be held up as an example, farewell all truth, all delicacy, all refinement in art.

## No. 38.

*A Man drinking.—Titian.—Sir A. Hume, Bart.*

A MAGDALEN in the disguise of Toby Philpot. This Picture was well known as the property of Signor Alterizzi of Bologna previous to the French Revolution, at which time we saw it frequently in his possession, the figure had not then got the glass to her mouth or indeed any glass at all, but was simply a pathetic bottle-holder, when her gender was changed and she first sank from the saint to the sinner, by the addition of the shirt and the decanter is not perfectly certain. Signior Alterizzi used indeed to favour his visitors with an anecdote to prove the picture to have been altered by Titian himself, but as the authority for this tale was not quite unexceptionable and we fear from the distance of time we may not ourselves be perfectly correct in the remembrance, we shall pass it over in silence, although we are fully aware that if we could relate the story, it would fetch the worthy baronet and his family ten times more than he gave for it, and consequently according to the best algebraical verification, eleven times more than it is worth.

## No. 39.

*Landscape.—G. Poussin.—P. J. Miles, Esq.*

THIS if it were low enough to be seen might be praised according to its deserts. It is a fine picture and appears to be in excellent order.

## No. 40.

*Landscape, with a Riposo\*.*—F. Mola.—The Right Hon. C. Long.

A TOLERABLE picture of the master.

## No. 41.

*Study of Heads.*—Corregio.—Sir T. Baring, Bart.

WE see the things which Sir Thomas is facetiously pleased to call heads, but we have looked in vain for the study: they possess neither expression, drawing, nor colour; and we are quite incapable of conceiving wherein they deserve the least attention; and still less how he, as a just man, can allow them to bear the name of such a master as Corregio. But God help him! he's a man more sinned against than sinning.

## No. 42.

*Landscape, with Nymphs and Satyrs.*—A. Carracci.—  
Sir T. Baring, Bart.

WE recommend the Taylor to take example, and to look sharp. If he compares his picture with this, he will, as we observed, learn to appreciate the old masters properly. His is a clever picture, but we repeat, not sufficiently black in the shadows.

\* Riposo.

## No. 43.

*The Plague at Athens — N. Poussin. — Thomas Jones, Esq.*

A CORRESPONDENT has favoured us with the following observations on No. 43.

“ I am surprised that the Directors, who have among their fraternity a learned and reverend *Clerke*, should not be informed, through him, (though they may be ignorant of the fact themselves\*), that what they call the Plague of Athens is the punishment of the Philistines, as recorded in the first book of Samuel. It represents the most afflicting case of Hypercatharsis ever mentioned in history. Here we see a whole people suffering under the horrors of Cholera Morbus, like a girl’s boarding school in a cheap and plentiful plum season. We fear in looking at it to catch the contagion; we smell, at a distance, the horrible stench, and fly from the representation as we would from the reality. The tone of the picture is truly poetical. None but a great man could have thus ably conceived the hue so admirably adapted to his subject: the variegated brown pervading the whole, gives it the pathos of one vast cess-pool, one extensive field of dung and desolation. We turned from this picture with regret, but from necessity; we felt ourselves so irresistibly affected by it, that we withdrew to our closet for relief. Our bowels yearned for the miseries of man.

“ One of the painting Directors had written down his observations on this master-piece, and fancied he had discovered the nostrum used by Poussin. This interesting and valuable memorandum was found by a lady one evening, at an illuminated exhibition of the gallery. As I think it illiberal to withhold any information from artists, I enclose it, and beg you will publish it for their use: I hope it may be the means of producing some picture which may rival the present object of our admiration.

*R.S. Calomel, gr. 17,*

*Syr. Sacch. q. s. ft. Pil. nocte sumenda.*

*Postridie mane sume*

*Pulv Jalap. gr. ʒi.*

*Alvum serva, impende libere.*

\* Our friend has paid no attention to the advertisement of the Directors. This is solely the ignorance of the Proprietor; unless we think they should have interfered for the general reputation of the Institution.

I do not know the different substances alluded to, but presume they may be procured at any chemist's—certainly at Apothecaries Hall."

In addition to these interesting communications, we have heard a number of other conjectures respecting the present *chef d'œuvre*; as some of them are ingenious, we will submit them without apology to the Public.

One acute observer remarks, that a picture of the same subject and size was painted by Poussin at Rome, in 1683, for Matteo the sculptor. After passing through several hands, it was sold to the Duc de Richelieu, who resigned it to the king of France. Since that period it has graced the Louvre, where it hangs at the present day. He concludes, therefore, that this object of our attention is a copy.

Another invidious speculator, taking advantage of this hint, broadly asserts that it is a modern allegorical representation of the state of the British Institution: and affects to explain it in the following manner. By the overthrow of Dagon, is meant that of Richard Payne Knight: his co-directors are witnessing his fall with consternation and dismay, as involving in its consequences the annihilation of their importance. In the rats he discovers an allusion to those Directors who are evacuating the falling premises. In the fore-ground he points out the melancholy catastrophe of the little boys and girls whose golden hopes and expectations as students have thus received their death blow. One or two charitable, well-meaning men, (the authors, probably, of the *Catalogue Raisonné*), are warning the survivors of their impending fate.

A third pretending to agree with the last in the belief that the picture is modern and allegorical, explains it, with an assumed air of plausibility, in the following manner. He contends that the Directors are perfectly right in naming this painting the Plague of Athens. The building he insists is the Parthenon—the broken figure the Theseus or Ilissus—the disorder which prevails is occasioned by the overthrow of self-importance, vanity, ignorance, drawing-room virtù, and female and infantine connoisseurs. The effect produced is perfectly intelligible—the consternation is tremendous—the miasma insupportable.

Mr. Bonelli, however, we are happy to say, confirms the opinion of our friend given at the commencement of this article, that it certainly represents the punishment of the Philistines. He has now in his possession an undoubted and perfect bronze EMEROD, which will shortly complete Mr. P. Knight's collection, and immediately follow the ΦΑΛΛΟΙ in classification and arrangement. This precious monument is believed to be unique; and was dug up in the ruins of Azot.



## No. 44.

*Figures on Horseback.—Velasquez.—His Excellency E. Bourke.*

AN extraordinary picture! We beg the Public will examine it with great care: if after so doing they should discover its merits, they will have an advantage we cannot pretend to.

## No. 45.

*The Toilette of Venus.—A. Carracci.—Earl of Darnley.*

WE never meet with such pictures as this, without feeling an anxious desire to find the figures endued with clock-work, that they may move out of sight as quickly as possible. The *Love* who has been to fetch water is a choice young gentleman.

## No. 46.

*Figures in a Landscape.—Velasquez.—His Excellency E. Bourke.*

THOSE who do not know our friend Dr. Durlacher, the corn-cutter, alluded to in our description of Mr. Holwell Carr's Andrea del Sarto, will, in this picture, find a tolerable substitute.

## No. 47.

*Virgin and Child, with Angels.—Bartolomeo.—Earl of Powis.*

“AS this priggish virgin and her architectural supporters, (cried the Incendiary), will not admit of much animadversion, she being too insignificant to call even for censure, I think this is a time when I may resume my history of Mr. Knight's defence of Mr. Bonelli. But to preserve a due connexion, let me, before I begin,



briefly notice the items we have already gone over; you will find them about eight.

The first contains Mr. Knight's acknowledgment of having changed a word, and our demonstration for what purpose.

The second exhibits an unsuccessful and an unwarrantable endeavour on the part of Mr. Knight, to saddle the Reviewer with entertaining notions which he had expressly stated to be absurd.

The third presents us with a series of highly fanciful syllogisms concerning Croto, Phidias, and Hadrian; which three gentlemen are barbarously made, by Mr. Knight, to dance the hays, to no earthly purpose but the entertainment of the reader, and his own confusion. At the end of this interlude, Mr. Wheeler is brought on the stage, to shew that *very loose* evidence, when given in behalf of a favourite hypothesis, is invaluable, when nothing better is to be had.

The fourth points out the propriety of drawing a parallel between *things* which have no properties in common with each other, and are therefore, in Mr. Knight's opinion, fit objects of comparison.

The fifth displays the unexpected retort of *it has* upon *if it had only had*, in defiance of all decency and common sense.

The sixth gives us the only fair reply we have yet come to; but then it is unfortunately only a very paltry retort on the subject of the importation of the Beetle and Soros.

The seventh shews us on the same miserable basis, that Mr. Knight considers a non-expectant and an expectant to mean one and the same person.

The eighth offers to our view a moot point, in which, perhaps, Mr. K. may be right. It exhibits a contention between "No by itself no," and No, in conjunction with something which the Reviewer seems to have thought did not belong to the question.

And now I again proceed on my kind of ride-and-tie statement. At the moment I broke off, our friend Sir T. B\_\_\_\_\_ was about to ask if I did not conceive the points he had gone through were of great importance? "No doubt, (said I), but you will see in the sequel, that it was not for what concerned Mr. K\_\_\_\_\_ but for the sake of Mr. Bonelli this defence was undertaken;— Indeed, said I, —All that regards the next transaction I am now entering upon, you will admit is wholly so: for as Mr. K\_\_\_\_\_ very justly remarks, such matter would have been of too trivial a nature to obtrude on the public, had not the Reviewer made such an attack on the reputation of this much injured foreigner, by the gross and continued falsehoods he has had the

impudence to frame and bring forward.”—“Gross and continued falsehoods,” said I,—“Yes,” said he.—“Pray how many of these gross and continued falsehoods may there be?”—“How many do you suppose?”—“I cannot say” said I.—“Guess,” said he.—“Fifty,” said I.—“No,” said he.—“Forty,” said I.—“No” said he.—“Thirty,” said I.—“No,” said he.—“Twenty,” said I.—“No,” said he.—“Ten,” said I.—“No,” said he.—“Five,” said I.—“No,” said he.—“Three,” said I.—“No,” said he.—“The devil! (said I); what, not three to warrant the adjective!”—“No, (said he), not three; all I can detect, for my life are two.”—“Well, (said I), although the mathematicians do not allow two to be an *abundant* number, still it may be a sufficient number, if they are of a certain strength. I trust their grossness makes up for their deficiency, in this respect quality is always of more importance than quantity.”—“Yes! Yes! you will say they are gross enough, I warrant. Come now, to how many pounds sterling do you conceive the first lie amounts?”—“To how many pounds sterling! I do not comprehend your question; and you perceive I am a very bad guesser, so be so good as state it at once.”—“Why, would you believe it! this Reviewer has in the first of the continued falsehoods, lied to the tune of an hundred pounds!”—“Good Margery, is it possible!”—“It is as true as you stand there: he has positively lied to the tune of a round hundred.”—“Well, (said I), what will men be guilty of next! Alas! these are sad times! And what may the other falsehood be equal to?”—“The second gross faradiddle, (said he), does not exceed forty pounds in value.”—“That is no small untruth that is equal to forty pounds cried I, but do not you think if the two lies had been rolled into one of £140 the statement would have produced more effect on the public?”—“Are you so blind not to mark, that if Mr K—— had done this he must have given up that most needful of all words “continued,” a word upon which if you observe, we have laid so much stress, and which forms one of the strongest points in this defence.”—“True, (said I), that did not occur to me; but tell me in what way has this wretch of a Reviewer continued to commit this inexcusable error?”—“I thought you told me you had read the Review.”—“Oh! I have it now, (said I), you mean in the price of the gem.”—“To be sure, (retorted he), does he not most grossly say that Mr. K—— gave £250 for it, when he had given only £150, and very possibly not that, since a portion of the payment was made in medals;” —“Some of which, (said I), you mean to insinuate, would, if strictly examined, turn out no more what they pretended to be, than the gem for which they were exchanged.” —“Well, (said I), this is certainly an outrageous case, yet I cannot help thinking too,

that a man if he did not positively *invent* these surcharges, might escape without such a very thundering Philippic against his moral turpitude. I remember Bayle once committed a similar mistake, if we only suffer the term *years* to stand in the place of the term *pounds*. What do you think he did? Why he placed the birth of Dante in his dictionary at 1265, instead of 1260, by which, at one and the same time, he forced his mother to be delivered of her son five years after he was born, and deprived the poor poet of five years of his life fifty-six years before he went out of the world.” “This comparison of the Reviewer’s crime to Bayle’s may appear a little forced, as much very likely as that of the Ajax with the Panathenaic procession, &c.” “I acknowledge it, and my dear friend, (said I), I certainly should never have thought of running such a comparison if Voltaire had not made a reflection upon this circumstance, which is not quite inapplicable on the present occasion:—“I do not esteem Bayle, (says this author), more or less for thus being mistaken in about five years; the great thing is not to err in point of taste or in point of argument.”—“But, (said he), now I turn my attention back, I think I recollect another charge which comes under this head of *continued* falsehoods.”—“That will make three (said I), what is it?”—“Do not you remember the Reviewer says that when Mr K—— heard the gem was modern, he put himself in a passion and persisted and blustered.” “Egad, (cried I), and so the fellow did, and he never blustered after all?”—“Blustered! Oh! no, (said he)—He bluster! no, no, on the contrary, you will find in the sequel, he was so highly delighted that he expressed his satisfaction in *Italian*, at there being an artist of so much merit as Signior Pistrucci.”—“Well, (said I), I am glad to hear *that*.”—“Aye, (said he), and then only observe how he *next* puts this libeller down—this detractor—who so artfully thought to hide his design of ruining Mr. Bonelli under the pretence of attacking Mr. Knight. “Mr. Bonelli (says he) gave *no* assurance whatever of the gem being an original.”—“But did the Reviewer, (exclaimed I), say that Mr. Bonelli did give him such an assurance? I do not think by the by that he did.”—“Very likely he did not,” cried he;—“Very likely he did not! (cried I), but why then, if he did not, does Mr. Knight say any thing about this?”—“Why? why to defend Mr. Bonelli.”—“Against what? (exclaimed I).”—“Against what? (said he), why against the Reviewer to be sure.”—“Against the Reviewer! But how against the Reviewer?”—“Why how confoundedly dull you are!” said he.—“Oh, aye, I see—I see, (said I), but the devil of any thing could I see, except that he was getting out of temper.”—“Yes, yes, very true, very true, (continued I). Yes, yes, Aye, aye,—yes, yes, he had him there.—What a capital



defence, my dear friend it is when you come to understand it; well, and how does it go on? I am impatient to hear! pray proceed.”—“Now then observe the effect of this non-assurance upon Mr. Knight, and the “consulted-as-usual” Mr. Marchant, and other experienced persons. They all to a man held the gem to be original.”—“Good! good! (exclaimed I), in a tone of triumph, (taking the hand of our friend and squeezing it), this, (said I), is unanswerable. The authority of Mr. Marchant is of the highest value, since he is dead and therefore cannot change his opinion if he wished it.”—“True, true, (said he), and there is still stronger reason for priding ourselves on this authority, since every body knows that, although a living dog is better than a dead lion, it is quite the reverse with regard to artists and their opinions”—“Certainly,” cried I.—“But pray mark (he went on) if this defence was not intended for Mr. Bonelli, do you imagine Mr. Knight would have thought it worth his while to state that he gave him no assurance of a fact for which Mr. Knight deems it ridiculous to think any assurance requisite?”—“Certainly,” said I.—“And do you conceive, said he again, that Mr. Knight would have stated a circumstance, which if it prove any thing, only proves how little importance Mr. Knight and his friends attach to Mr. Bonelli’s opinion: would he have stated such a circumstance if it had not been from an anxiety to rescue his friend from the grasp of this odious Reviewer.”—“You put the matter in the clearest possible point of view, (said I), and I see plainly how much Mr. Bonelli is indebted to Mr. Knight on this occasion.”—“Yes, (replied he), if this Mr. Bonelli had been like that Mr. Bonelli whom Mr. Hart Davis some years ago, with the assistance of the court of King’s Bench, obliged to take back a parcel of similar works which he had unwittingly been induced to sell to that gentleman as originals.—Had this Mr. Bonelli been like that Mr. Bonelli, it would not have been very preposterous to have suspected that such a silence might have proceeded from nothing more than a judicious precaution arising out of past humiliation; but here is a Bonelli acting an upright part, and not only gives Mr. Knight no assurances, but is willing to take back *all* or *any part* of the things which he had sold to him, and that even without any words whatever.”—“You clearly shew how necessary it was to defend Mr. Bonelli, (said I), for although the Reviewer has not accused Mr. Bonelli with any of these things from which Mr. Knight exculpates him, it was certainly Mr. Bonelli’s downfall he had in view when he wrote this article.”—“I mentioned, (resumed he), some time back, that you would see, in the course of my explanation, how little reason the Reviewer had to charge Mr. Knight with blustering; and how delighted he was,



on the contrary, to find a living artist that could execute so fine a piece of engraving.”—“I remember it all,” said I.—“Well then, (returned he), no sooner had Mr. Knight concluded expressing himself in *Italian*, but away he goes, full trot, with the anxious view of promoting the artist’s welfare, and urges Mr. Bonelli to tell the truth. ‘For admitting (said Mr. Knight) the work to be what I have such reason to hope, and shall be so delighted to have proved, I can have no complaint to make against you; because the unique beauty of the stone is a sufficient apology for the price, even should the work be by Mr. Pistrucci, to whom I have just been expressing my satisfaction in *Italian*, at the prospect of finding it so.’—Mr. Bonelli, however, refused to realize the sanguine wishes of Mr. Knight, persisting in not only having bought the gem amongst a parcel of others, but amongst a parcel of others *said* to have belonged to Sir Robert Ainslie.”—“This (exclaimed I) is an extremely satisfactory history of the gem, indeed.”—“Very! (said he), but notwithstanding, Mr. Knight was determined, if possible, not to have his darling hopes frustrated, very satisfied of finding a modern artist of such powers; and therefore he hit upon the following scheme to realize his heart’s desire—he gave Mr. Pistrucci a commission to make a fac-simile.”—“Ah! (said I), I fear.”—“Yes, (said he), he was not aware that in the fine arts, (arts which are wholly dependant on the feelings), too great an anxiety to do our best, frequently robs even the greatest artist of the power to do well.”—“That certainly must have escaped his attention,” said I.—“The event you have anticipated by your fear, (said he). It robbed him totally of every atom of his former satisfaction—the fac-simile was miserable.”—“How exceedingly provoking! (said I), but I hope he did not feel it too acutely.”—“No, (said he), no; on the whole, I think he bore the disappointment with great fortitude. The only thing he lets fall which betrays any want of temper throughout the discussion, is at the last, where, having found that he had not found (what he had received such satisfaction from finding) a modern artist able to execute so fine a work, he exclaims, in a kind of pettish tone of disappointment, that it was quite indifferent to him who made it.—Thus far, (said Sir T—— B——), I believe I have given you a tolerable simple statement of the case. If I now relate that Mr. Pistrucci refused to abide an arbitration of the most able artists, there being no able artist in this line—if I add that he likewise refused to abide the arbitration of the most experienced judges, notwithstanding every one knows the preponderating influence of Mr. Knight in all such decisions—and if I further explain that Mr. Knight solemnly declares, that

unless Mr. Pistrucci can bring other proof of his abilities to counterfeit (observe) not the beauties of the ancient sculpture, but the slow effects of time on such bodies, (*his oath* will not avail against the *assertions* of such persons as *Mr. Bonelli*, and such experienced and *important judges* as *Mr. Knight*. When I have repeated to you these things, I shall have gone through all the leading points of reasoning and fact upon which this letter touches. With respect to the rhetorical flourishes, and declamatory effusions it contains—” “Before you go into those, (said I), allow me to ask you a few questions.”—“But I observe, said the Incendiary), you are inclined to yawn, Mr. Defender, so let us break off here again, and go on with the Catalogue.

## No. 48.

*St. Sebastian and St. Cecilia.—Lav. Fontana.—Rev. J. Sandford.*

MR. SANDFORD certainly deserves the public thanks of the artists of the United Kingdom, for his patriotism in sending for their study this truly exquisite specimen of china ware by L. Fontana. Had it been before the late improvements in the arts at Worcester, it might have ranked tolerably high; but we fear that the intention is all that we can thank the gentleman for now.

## No. 49.

*Bacchanalians in a Landscape.—N. Poussin.—John Knight, Esq.*

THIS picture is far too good for its place. “I observe (cried the Incendiary) that all the historical compositions of Poussin, the *only* compositions deserving that name after Raphael’s, in the gallery, are in corners, or on the west side of the south room.” “Don’t you know (said we) those are the darkest places in the gallery, and that these are proper things to put out of the way.”

## No. 50.

*St. John preaching in the Wilderness.—Guido.—Dulwich College.*

AN academy figure and an academy landscape to match, to which we will add (No. ), another specimen of Plato's cocks. "With these works before us, (said the Incendiary), it will be well to notice a report which has reached me, relative to a very excellent project which the Directors have in view for the improvement of the fine arts. Sir Thomas B—— the founder of all things, happening the other day to open the first edition of Mr. Knight's Analysis of Taste, at page 209, saw the following passage:—

"In the gymnastic festivals, where men of high rank and liberal education entered into contests of personal strength and agility, they (the artists) had opportunities of seeing these models exhibited without reserve, not only in every accidental variation of attitude and position, but in every mode and degree of muscular effort and exertion. By studying and imitating these, and not by applying to abstract rules on predeterminate lines of grace, elegance, or beauty, the great sculptors of Greece appear *to me* to have produced those master-pieces which have been the admiration of subsequent ages and generations of civilized men."

No sooner had Sir Thomas B—— read this, than it occurred to him as extraordinary that no one of the Directors had thought of remedying the evil under which the moderns laboured. He instantly desired Mr. Gillam to write a circular, and request the attendance of the committee, to enable him to lay before them a project of the greatest importance. They met immediately; when the worthy baronet made a very pathetic speech in favor of the fine arts; in the course of which he took the opportunity of laying before them a review of the progress of the institution—how much it had effected in the way of patronage; stated the various sums which had been received, the various sums which had been paid, added them, subtracted them, multiplied them, divided them, put them on this side, and put them on that, till there was really no knowing (as he truly said) *how* much the Institution had done for modern art. At length, either from the touching nature of the subject, or from a melting sense of his own eloquence, the tears came in the eyes of the worthy baronet, and finally overflowing, chased each other down his cheeks in such rapid



succession, as to choak all utterance. In a few moments, however, he recovered his usual tone of mind; he then read the above extract, and concluded by moving the following resolutions.—That in consideration of the superior advantages possessed by the antient artists, from the free and easy way in which gentlemen of rank and liberal education used formerly to stalk about the world without any sort of covering, the Governors and Directors do come to the determination of stripping as soon as possible, for the benefit of the modern fine arts. This proposal was carried instantly, by acclamation. The first exhibition is to be by lamp-light; and will take place as soon as their several pedestals are made and arranged. The only difficulty that is at present unsurmounted, arises out of the various claims for centre places and good lights. Mr. Seguier is ten times more plagued now on this score than ever; but it is pretty well ascertained that the chief situations will be occupied by Sir Thomas B\_\_\_\_g, Sir A. H\_\_\_\_e, Charles L\_\_\_\_g, H. C\_\_\_\_r, Lord M\_\_\_\_e, Sir George B\_\_\_\_t, and the M\_\_\_\_s of S\_\_\_\_d. In the mean time the Directors, as well as the Governors, are all practising, like mad, as the phrase goes. We have not yet obtained accurate information of all the characters which are to be assumed on the first night, but it is currently reported that Mr. C. L\_\_\_\_g is trying his hand at the Apollo; Mr. P. K\_\_\_\_t is to undertake the Laocoon, aided by Sir George B\_\_\_\_t and Mr. H. C\_\_\_\_r; Lord M\_\_\_\_e not having much head, is making an attempt at the Torso, but is greatly at a loss to know how to get rid of his legs, and fears he shall be obliged to give it up after all, since, as M\_\_\_\_r of the O\_\_\_\_ce, he cannot, he thinks, very well part with his *arms*. Until the committee can receive an answer from Mrs. W\_\_\_\_d\_\_\_\_ll, Sir Thomas B\_\_\_\_g has undertaken to play the part of the Venus ΚΑΛΛΙΠΥΓΗΣ. Serious apprehensions are entertained, however, for the M\_\_\_\_s of S\_\_\_\_d; notwithstanding he has made repeated trials, his recollection will not serve him to remember the action of any one individual figure: indeed, it is said he makes very bad work of it. A friend who called on him the other day, whilst he was practising, found him with the legs of the gladiator Repellens, the left thigh of the Hercules, the right thigh of the Antinous, the trunk of the Bacchus, the arms of the Venus, and the head of the dancing Faunus, with the face fronting the wrong way.



## No. 51.

*Christ and St. Peter.—A. Carracci.—Thomas Hamlet, Esq.*

THIS picture, comprising a very eligible, compact, well-calved Christ, and three-fourths of a St. Peter, is, no doubt, from the name of the possessor, to be sold, if any body is to be found sufficiently deficient in taste to wish for its possession.

## No. 52.

*A Reposo.—Murillo.—George Byng, Esq.*

WE think M. Byng more happy in the selection of this Work than of the one we were, for his sake so unfortunately, and for our own so fortunately, called upon to remark before.

## No. 53.

*St. Jerome with the Angel.—Guido.—John Graves, Esq.*

WE request the spectator's reference to No. 50.

## No. 54.

*The Nativity.—A. Carracci.—Sir T. Buring, Bart.*

IN compliance with his own wish, and that of the Directors in general, Sir Thomas has been induced to send this unrivalled and astonishing copy of Carraeci; it being positively its last appearance in the character of the original.

No. 55.

*Ecce Homo.—Guido.—B. West, Esq.*

WHY is this most perfect specimen of the master in a corner; and made to give place to such trash as No. 114? Has Guido then sunk below Carlo Dolce!

No. 56.

*A small whole length Portrait in Armour.—Giorgione.—B. West, Esq.*

GOOD in itself; but why is it here?

END OF THE FIRST PART.

A

# CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ

OF THE

*Pictures now Exhibiting*

IN

PALL MALL.

Part Second.

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“ These *Pictures* and many the like, which are by no means the measures of Truths  
“ and Falsehoods, these men make the standards by which they accustom their  
“ understandings to judge. And thus they, falling into a habit of determining  
“ of Truth and Falsehood by such wrong measures, it is no wonder they should  
“ embrace error for certainty and be very positive in things they have no  
“ ground for.”

*Locke's Conduct of the Understanding.*

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1816.



